

**The First Continental Congress.**  
ON Sept. 5, 1774, the first Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, every colony save Georgia being represented. The Congress, composed of the ablest men of the day, drew up a Declaration of Rights, which furnished a basis for their eventual freedom.

## The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE AND MYSTERY  
Pearl Recovers the Ring Only to Lose the Stone, Which Carslake Again Secures.

**Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film**  
Pearl Standish ..... PEARL WHITE  
Richard Carslake ..... Warner Oland  
The High Priestess ..... Ruby Hoffman  
Nicholas Knox ..... Earle Foxe  
Tom Carleton ..... Henry Gsell

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Pearl Standish, richest girl in America, undertakes to help Nicholas Knox find the Violet Diamond of Daroon, bought by her father from a faithless Arab priest. Knox is under pain of death if he does not recover it. Pearl is also threatened by the devotees of the Violet God of Daroon. She has many thrilling escapes, and meets Tom Carleton, a reporter, who aids her in her search. Richard Carslake, once the private secretary of Pearl's father, has the diamond, and forces the setting from Knox. Pearl finally pays a big price for the ring and takes it to the High Priestess to save Tom's life. It is stolen by an Arab and recovered by Carslake. Pearl sees one of Carslake's followers take it from his unconscious chief and demands its return.

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

### Episode 9.

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At the same instant she recalled her efforts, and Dopey Ed's hand came open, dropping both diamond and ring to the floor.

Pearl reached out and seized the setting, which lay quite close. The diamond had rolled a little way off and she was just in the act of seizing it when Dopey Ed seized her.

Both now fought fiercely for the possession of the treasure. Once she threw him off and prepared to flee, when he seized her ankle and threw her forcibly to the floor; and again, she escaped his clutches, only to be cut off from the door and forced to take refuge behind a table. Dopey Ed tried to reach her, but she evaded him and kept the table between them, pondering, meanwhile, how to reach the door. But Dopey Ed observed her maneuvering and determined to best her at all costs, suddenly threw his weight against the heavy table that was between and sent it careening into her.

### The Thief Is Caught.

It struck her just above the waist line and instantly felled her. But by this time Tom and the "Spider" and the "Spider's" men were already on the stairs.

They had sought out the chauffeur who had driven Carslake and Pearl to Carslake's headquarters and had bribed him to betray the address. Whereupon they had lost no time following.

Passing Carslake in the outer room (the "Spider" kicking his prostrate body as they passed) they had reached the door of the living room beyond just as Dopey Ed had felled Pearl.

Dopey Ed bent over her, triumphantly, searching for the setting of the ring. He had his back to the door and did not hear the approach of the others until they had him surrounded.

At a glance he saw that he had but one chance of escape—and he took it without a second's hesitation. With a wild plunge, he leaped through the shattered window and disappeared.

"He'll be killed!" cried Tom.

crossing to the window in three strides.

"Good riddance, then!" murmured the "Spider", following.

But Dopey Ed was not killed.

Outside of the window, there was a big tree whose branches stretched out almost to the house. Clutching out wildly as he fell, Dopey Ed caught hold, swung himself down and landed upon the earth below without mishap. And as he turned to run, he came face to face with Carslake, who had opened his eyes at the "Spider's" kick—to find himself directly facing the violet diamond.

### They Give Aid to Peace.

Noislessly, without attracting the attention of the others in the next room, he had picked up the stone and had cautiously made his way out.

Now—knowing nothing of Dopey Ed's attempted treachery—he greeted his erstwhile comrade jubilantly and the two made off together. Tom and the "Spider" lifted Pearl very tenderly, and the chauffeur of the taxi cab brought forth a pocket whiskey flask which Tom held to her lips. The fiery liquid almost immediately revived her.

"She's coming round!" cried Tom, relieved. "Help me carry her to the window. The air will help a lot!"

The others lent a hand, and when they had placed her directly in the breeze that was blowing in from outside, Tom and the chauffeur began to fan her.

She opened her big blue eyes, gazed up curiously an instant at Tom—then—remembering—smiled her sweet tranquil smile and whispered:

"Tom on the spot. What I should do without you I can't imagine!"

He colored.

"I am glad to please, Miss," he said, with mock humility. "And my motto is 'I serve!'"

"Indeed you do serve," said Pearl. And then, suddenly coming back to the affairs of the moment, added:

"But we mustn't waste time. Where's Dopey Ed? Where's Carslake? And the diamond—the violet diamond. I got it from him and dropped it on the floor inside!"

### A Discouraging Situation.

Tom turned swiftly and dashed toward the door, expecting to find Carslake's body still lying in the next room. But it was gone, and to their great dismay no end of searching could reveal the presence of the diamond anywhere about.

Pearl was frankly discouraged, as she presently took her way homeward. True, she had rescued Tom—with the "Spider's" assistance. She had saved his life. But she had not restored the diamond to the Arabs, nor had she rid herself of them. At any moment she knew, they might turn up again to wreak vengeance upon her. The affair was not by any means ended yet. In fact, for all that she had accomplished, she was really no nearer the end of the tangled than she had been the very first night that she had set out with Knox.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

Do You Like a Thrilling Story? Read "The Fatal Ring"

# Magazine Page

Are These Your Workmen, Uncle Sam?  
Mary Ellen Sigsbee in This Eloquent Picture Asks a Searching Question.



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

THE report of the New York City Employment Bureau to the Mayor says: "The striking feature of the local labor situation is the number of unemployed in the garment industries. The war sharply reduces the demand for civilian clothes, and the Government contracts for uniforms, which should offset this loss, have not done so because the contracts have not been let in such a way as to stabilize the situation."

"But, on the contrary, they are being obtained by mushroom com-

tractors and executed to a certain extent by tenement house and other sweatshop labor, because these incompetent, ill-equipped contractors do not realize the false economy of unskilled and low-wage labor."

The sweatshop evil in New York City has been partially reduced by long years of effort on the part of the garment workers' organizations. The community cannot afford to lose the gain that has been made. Lack of information as to actual conditions is the probable explanation. Military experts are not necessarily experts in this line also. Why not ask the unions to help us?

## If We Lived on Venus

By GARRETT P. SERVIS

WHEN you got back from the moon you might try a longer journey and go to Venus. This kind of voyaging presents no difficulties to the imagination, and that being so, how can it be pronounced impossible? Is imagination a less genuine faculty than reason? On the contrary, it is not always led the vanguard of science?

Arrived on Venus you would find yourself feeling very much at home, at least as far as gravity is concerned. You would be a little lighter than on the earth, say about 18 per cent, instead of more than 83 per cent as on the moon. That, no doubt, would make you a good deal more active than you had been at home, and you would feel yourself quite an athlete. Like anybody who, without illness, has diminished his weight from, say, 200 pounds to 164.

You would be tempted at once to set down Venus in your notebook as an admirable anti-obesity resort, or rather as a rejuvenation home for fat people where they could throw off the burden of adipose tissue while retaining its pleasing rotundity.

A pound of beefsteak would weigh but little more than thirteen ounces on Venus.

You might find the people of Venus ("Aphrodites" perhaps you would call them in your notes), averaging nearly seven feet in height, though weighing, on a spring balance, no more than the run of men and women do on the earth. That would be the case if gravitation alone prescribed their size, but I am not sure that nature's sense of outward proportion may not have shaped them in accordance with the magnitude of their planet, in which case they would be almost exactly of your own size, but wonderfully active, quick in their motions, loving out-

door sports, needing little clothing on account of the genial temperature of their planet, and possessing all of the old Greek admiration of their physical beauty, and enjoying in the exercise of their bodily powers.

All this assumes, of course, that in their general make-up they resemble the inhabitants of the earth, but you might discover that such an assumption is the result of pure vanity on our part, since all beings naturally think themselves a model for others. You might find the people of Venus no more like men and women, in form, than butterflies are, and I am going to give you reasons for expecting to see them inhabiting the atmosphere rather than the solid surface of their globe.

The first of these reasons is that Venus apparently has a denser atmosphere than the earth's. On purely mechanical grounds this is unlikely, but observations seem to prove that it is, nevertheless, a fact. Some have even estimated the atmosphere of Venus at double the density of the earth's. If that be so, flying must be vastly easier there than here. Even if the density is only equal to that of the earth's atmosphere, the smaller

force of gravity affords an advantage to acrobatic.

A second reason for suspecting that you would find yourself in the midst of a world filled with wonderful aerial creatures, an intellectual as we are, though utterly unlike us in bodily form, is drawn from the fact that, on account of the greater nearness of the sun, the amount of solar radiation received by Venus is nearly twice that received by the earth. In speaking of this fact we usually think only of the increase of those two kinds of radiation that we call light and heat. In other words, we confine our attention to the awful glare and the overpowering temperature that we should encounter, forgetting that the sun's radiation comprises many other forms of energy, all of which must be poured upon Venus with an intensity proportional to the light and heat she receives.

Some of these radiations we know are shielded off from us by the earth's atmosphere, but, doubled in intensity, they may be able to penetrate the atmosphere of Venus and produce extraordinary effects, unlike any known to us. They may render electrical phenomena far more powerful

there than here, and the experience of recent years has shown us, in a small way, what that may signify for the mastery of mechanical energy, and the overcoming of the force of gravity—a force that is, in many ways, a cumbersome fetter to man's ambition.

Owing, then, to the increased stimulus contained in the sun's rays, I almost feel that I could promise you that the moment you entered the atmosphere of Venus you would be in a kind of aerial ocean full of living forms, to which the surface of the planet beneath would bear a relation of utility resembling that of the bottom of a lake to its fishlike inhabitants.

A third reason may be added to the two just suggested, and that is one based on the evolutionary doctrines of the effect of environment and the survival of the fittest. No doubt the surface of Venus is hot, so hot that we could not endure it; but her atmosphere seems to be cloudy, and up in the midst of the clouds, or under their breezy eaves, a delicious coolness should prevail.

Now, given a capacity and a tendency for living things on Venus to utilize the atmosphere for a dwelling place more than those of the earth do, the law of the survival of the fittest would accentuate this tendency as the ages went by, until it would eventually become the characteristic feature of the life of that planet. Venus may be as old as the earth, so that evolution has had plenty of time to carry out its main tendencies, and on arriving there you might find that the inhabitants of the ground were, in a double sense, the lowest of Venus's crea-

In a second—leaving aside a different view of Venus, through another—leaving aside the geocentric view.

## The Battle of the Marne.

THIS date will go down in history as one of the saving dates of civilization. It was at the Marne on September 5, three years ago, that the Kaiser's hosts suffered the defeat that ruined their advance and gave the Allies time to check the flood of Prussianism.

## HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire  
A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.)  
SEVERAC gave an order.  
"Have them place a stationary seat on the rear deck for me."

"Don't let any one come nearer than three yards, so that the electric mirror will not be stopped by a man's body if I have a chance to interview Hictaner."

The order was quickly carried out. A seat was placed against the rear railing, securely fastened to its supports. A megaphone was suspended beside it so that Severac could seize it and cry out his orders with all dispatch.

Hictaner's enemy seated himself. He held the electric mirror in his hands, resting it on his knees.

Attentive to the watch, who were to signal if anything appeared on the sea, he waited with eyes open and mind alert in the resolve not to sleep until he had reached the straits of Ormus.

Four after hour a strongly sweetened cup of coffee was brought him, which he swallowed at a gulp.

Waiting for Hictaner.

Clerat and Sainte Claire had gone on board, each holding his marine glass in his hand.

They talked restrainedly of the probabilities and surprises of the campaign.

To the east they saw the surging, greenish-blue sea, whose great curving waves ran majestically under a cloudless sky.

To the west they saw the black silhouettes of innumerable vessels standing out against the horizon, and the sky streaked with long trails of black and white smoke.

The entire fleet was following the cyclone, and it was a barbaric spectacle in the glorious sunlight.

No incident interrupted the march of the world fleet. Ras-el-Had, the extreme easterly point of Oman, was doubled by the Cyclone on April 22 at 6 o'clock in the morning, and she then entered the Gulf of Oman.

The denouement of the first part of this dangerous adventure was rapidly approaching.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of April 24 M de Clerat gave the order to halt. They had reached the Straits of Ormus. With the aid of the glass they could distinguish the little island of Masandam to the northwest, having passed which point the straits might be considered crossed.

In giving the order to halt, Clerat and Sainte Claire approached Severac.

"Oh," he said, "I think it would be well if you took a little rest."

"Following special orders given me, which you could not countermand, I must stop here without crossing the straits. When the vessel has crossed which—"

"I know," interrupted Severac. "The ultimatum says, in short, that the first vessel entering the Persian Gulf will be destroyed."

"And it is best that the Cyclone should not deliberately go to destruction," continued M de Clerat, "because you and the electric mirrors are aboard."

"What is going to be done, then?" asked Sainte Claire. It was Severac who replied.

"Before giving the order to depart, previous to the mobilization at Socotra, the Admiral called for volunteers to cross the straits. More than a hundred commanders replied. They drew lots, and the German cruiser Prinz Friedrich was marked for the sacrifice."

Severac rose and pointed to the southeast.

"He it is, if I am not mistaken?" With their hearts beating with emotion, the two officers followed his finger with their eyes.

From the hundred vessels lying almost motionless on the water, a high, white vessel was beginning to detach itself and to advance under full steam. From her two masts were flying the black, white and red flags of Germany.

Swam the Prinz Heinrich. A magnificent armored cruiser of 8,800 tons, with two smokestacks.

As she drew nearer, glistering under the morning sun, they could hear more distinctly the exclamations and hurrahs rising from the ships, between which they passed.

At her maximum speed of twenty knots an hour she passed between the Cyclone and the Swift, which lay opposite one another, belching forth great clouds of black smoke from her smokestacks.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the crew of the Cyclone, with one accord.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" echoed the crew of the sacrificial cruiser.

"To sleep, now," said Severac.

Turning to Clerat, he motioned energetically toward the sea cruiser already far in the distance and said:

"Commandant, do your instructions forbid your following this vessel?"

"On the contrary, monsieur, they order me to do it. I am to follow at a distance of about 1,000 yards and put about as soon as she sings."

"Forward, monsieur."

In advance of the Swift, which was to carry out the same maneuver as the French torpedo boat, the Cyclone set out in the wake of the German cruiser.

The entire crew was on the alert, with loaded torpedo tubes. Clerat and Sainte Claire stood forward with Severac, who pressed the electric mirror against his breast with his two hands.

The three men were pale and their eyes never left the Prinz Heinrich.

Their orders were to skirt the side of Masandam as closely as possible, so that some of the survivors of the catastrophe might find refuge upon its reefs. The crew of the German cruiser had been exhorted not to lose their heads a moment, but to listen and observe, so that the survivors might furnish an instructive account of the destruction of their ship. At twenty-two minutes past 10 by the Cyclone's clock, the Prinz Heinrich rounded a reef which reared its head to the north of Masandam Isle.

Immediately the Cyclone and the Swift saw the German vessel turn slightly and head west by south, in order to make clear its intention of going straight into the Persian gulf.

"The line has been crossed," said Clerat, in a voice unconsciously firm and hard, but in which, nevertheless, there was a trace of emotion.

Sainte Claire had taken out his watch.

"Twenty-five minutes past ten," said Sainte Claire.

At the same instant they saw the cruiser rise on the waves, a great roar sounded and she parted amidst ships between the smokestacks.

Simultaneously a tongue of flame and a column of smoke burst out.

The bow of the cruiser dove headlong, the stern stood upon end, and in a moment both were engulfed in a great whirlpool.

Hictaner Strides Again.

Already the Cyclone had put about, while the Swift, according to orders received, went at top speed toward the scene of the catastrophe, in order to rescue the survivors.

Then Severac, Clerat and Sainte Claire uttered a cry of horror. The Swift leaped almost out of the water while a second report thundered but, and she sank, broken to pieces, in the great gulf which had already swallowed the Prinz Heinrich.

Grinly, Severac groaned.

"I knew it. They will be impossible."

Letting the electric mirror hang from the strap which held it to his shoulder, he bit his fists in his rage, and his eyes fixed to the spot where the waves were tossing the bleeding wrecks about.

Five minutes later the Dreadnaught gave the order for the whole fleet to stop.

An hour after, another order was given, in pursuance of which a sort of squadron drew up off the side of Masandam. There were twelve cruisers in the first line, twelve battleships in the second line, and surrounding these were two hundred torpedoes and destroyers, with fifty submarines underneath.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at a gun fired aboard the Dreadnaught, the squadron moved forward, and doubling Masandam, went through the same maneuvers as the previous day. The Cyclone was proceeding with the other torpedo boats.

A heartrending hecatomb was to follow!

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

## Good Housekeeping Recipes

Good food properly cooked goes far toward insuring health and long years. As much depends on the cooking, however, as on the food itself. The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are recommended with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

### Sardine Salad.

6 to 8 sardines, 1 small apple, sardine oil, lettuce, French or mayonnaise dressing. Remove the shiny skin from the sardines and break them into small pieces. Pare and core a small firm apple, cut in very thin slices and mash into a paste with a fork. Mix the fish and the apple together, adding a little of the sardine oil from the box to make the mixture the right consistency to mold. Shape like sardines and serve two on a bed of lettuce hearts. Serve

with either French or mayonnaise dressing. This recipe will serve three or four, depending on the size of the sardines.

### Beacon and Corn, Camp Style.

12 large slices bacon, 3 cups corn, canned or boiled and cut from the cob; 2 eggs, 1/4 green pepper, 1 small onion, salt, pepper. Cook bacon until crisp, pouring off fat occasionally during the cooking. Remove the bacon and keep warm. In about four tablespoonsful of the bacon fat cook the pepper and onion, chopped fine, for five minutes. Add the corn, eggs, well beaten, and salt and pepper to taste and scramble all together in the hot fat. Heap on a hot platter and garnish with the bacon strips.

### Steamed Rolled Oats and Rice with Dates.

1/2 cupful rolled oats, 1/2 cupful rice, 2 cups boiling water, 1/4 teaspoonful salt, 1-2 cupful dates cut in small pieces. Cook all except the dates together in a double boiler three hours. Prepare this the day before if desired, and heat in the morning, adding the dates at time of reheating. Serve as a breakfast cereal.

## Do You Know That—

In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city in Europe.

The value of oysters is fully recognized by the Chinese, who train them to fish.

Stockings first came into use in the eleventh century. Before that time it was customary to swathe the feet with bandages.

The expression to "take the cake" is said to be derived from negro dances where a cake is the reward of the dearest performer.

Last year 10,000 miles of cinema film passed through the United States Customs House.

A secret method of obtaining a kind of flour from wood is being used in Germany.

(To Be Continued.)